

SOUTH BRITAIN

A

P O E M.

Describing its SITUATION, PRO-
DUCT and TRADE, Civil and Religi-
ous LIBERTY, and the BRAVERY and
BEAUTY of the INHABITANTS.

By PHILOPATRIÆ.

*In comely Rank, call ev'ry Merit forth,
Imprint on every Act its Standard Worth;
The Glorious Parallels then downward bring
To modern Wonders, and to Britain's King.*

Price

L O N D O N:

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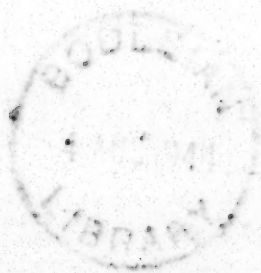
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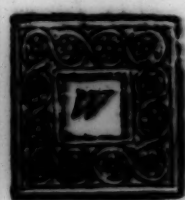
131. Elkin Melton.





TO THE
READERS.

Gentlemen and Country-men,



WHEN I have considered the Situation, Fertility, and Product of our Country, its noble Constitution and extensive Commerce, the Bravery of its Men and Beauty of its Women, I could not refrain from making some small Essay upon so copious and delightful a Theme.

The Excellencies of Nature, and Embellishments of Art, are pourtray'd in such Variety of Colours, as justly renders her the Glory and Envy of all the neighbouring Nations.

I must acknowledge, such a Subject deserves the Pen of a Pope, a Prior,

TO the READERS.

or an Addison, rather than so mean a Pretender as my self; and therefore I offer it not as a Thing well done, but as a Thing I would have well done.

I confess, I have made a bold Essay to traffick on the barren Coast of Parnassus (without the Protection of some Great Man) but as the English have both Wit and Candour, I hope that whilst they judge me with one Hand, with the other they will excuse.

I am not so vain as to offer this Trifle as a polite or perfect Performance, being conscious the Stile is too dull for the first Rate Wits of the Town: Yet if any of the Criticks are determined to condemn it, my Failings in this Performance, shall be so many Lessons of Instruction for the future.

SOUTH



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A

P O E M.



N Northern Climes, where Tides uncertain roll

At the most happy Distance from the Pole,

A peerless Holm, by Situation fair,
Fann'd with sweet Breeze, and rich salubriant Air;
Care of the Gods for general Blessing grac'd,
Is in the best of temp'rate Climates plac'd.

Remote the *North* the *Arctic* Circle view,
And at like Distance *Southern* Tropick shew,
Temp'red between, in mod'rate State she reigns,
On this side Cold, on that side Heat disdains.

The boist'rous Winds which oft insult her Shore,
And join with Mountain Waves in dreadful Roar;
Friendly

Friendly to Trade, to Enemies severe,
To those give Hope, but to Invaders Fear.

Her Rocks and Sands the Strangers Skill defy,
Bid them stand off and live, advance and die.
Conceal'd, and sunk, Death lies in Ambuscade,
To seize the hardy Wretch that dares invade :
Yet are they Out-works plac'd by Nature's Hand,
To check the Ocean's Rage, and guard the Land.

For lest the Weight of Waters sink the Shore,
The shining Coast is fortified with Oar.

Between the Stones metallick Wealth is seen,
An Earnest of the Riches that's within,
The Lead, the Copper, and the Store of Tin. }

Strong Forts and Batt'ries grace the threat'ning
Shoar,

And spread their Thunders with an awful Roar;
And where the Intervals demand Supply,
Her floating Bulwarks big with Dangers lye.

The happy Spot within these Bounds inclos'd,
Too oft to Spoils and foreign Rage expos'd;
Ravag'd by barb'rous and rapacious Hands,
How have they prey'd on her delightful Strands:
So *Goths* allured by the luxuriant Vine,
From fuzed Banks of *Oder*, *Elbe* and *Rhine*,
Rap'd the World's Mistress, rifled all her Charms,
And revell'd in the Spoils of *Cesar's* Arms:
So Beauty guarded but by Innocence,
That ruins her, which should be her Defence.

But now the injur'd Isle erects her Head,
The neighb'ring Nations Envy, as their Dread:

To

To view her Plenty distant People come,
And having tasted, seldom think of Home.

Europe's Right-hand, Queen of the foaming Seas,
And fam'd to sway the Ballance when she please;
By Art's Assistance, and by Nature's Smiles,
Solely she reigns as Empress o'er the Isles:
Tho' wounded, yet not weakned by a Wrong,
For through Disasters she becomes more strong.
Spite of domestick Broils, and foreign Rage,
She shews encreasing Beauty with encreasing Age:
So broken Bones when set become more sound,
And Trees are made more fruitful by a Wound:
So oft we see by breathing of a Vein,
The stagnate Humours circulate again.

The grand Asylum where the Nations fly
In quest of Bread, as well as Liberty;
So strong th' Attraction of her pow'rful Charms,
With Joy they throng to her extended Arms;
Pleas'd with th' Adventure, take their fixed Rest,
And hang like Infants at her fruitful Breast.

Far from the distant Verge of both Extreame,
Twixt *Greenland's* frozen Face, and *Africk's*
Gleams;

In a sweet Clime we most securely lie,
Whilst *Samoides* freeze, and sooty *Guineans* fry.
Salubrious Zephyrs calm the Universe,
Or useful Storms do noxious Steams disperse.

Thunders, the dread of Tyrants, serve us here
To scatter pois'nous Salts, and heal the Air:
Thus blest with temp'rate Heat, and needful Cold,
The Soul seems rather than the Body old.

Here

Here lofty Mountains their huge Summits
shroud

Behind the Curtain of a misty Cloud ;
Like mighty Bastions for Defence they stand,
To break the Blasts from off the lower Land ;
Whilst from the Bowels of the lesser Hills,
In fine Meanders run the Silver Rills,
Whose Chrystal Currents like Cephalick Veins,
At once adorn and fructify the Plains ;
Their limpid Streams increasing as they glide,
Salute the verdant Banks on either Side.
From Fountains numberless they bleed their
Streams ;

Those form the Royal *Severn*, these Imperial
Thames :

Peopled with Nations of the watry Fry,
Vast in their Numbers, and Variety ;
In every River plenteously they glide,
Suited for Pleasure, Profit, and for Pride :
Here scaly Squadrons too with sinny Oars,
Servile, yet useful, ply about the Shores,
Tending their willing Life for our Supply,
For us they live, and 'tis for us they die :
So unconceiv'd, their Bulk and num'rous Shoals,
Like mighty Islands in the Ocean roulds :
Nor do they visit any other Strand,
Maternal Nature, by an unseen Hand,
So guide the passive Throng, so exactly steer
To the same Ports in the most distant Year.
Nature that knows us to abound with Poor,
Thus freely brought the *Indies* to our Door.

Why

Why had she not inspir'd th' industrious Mind
 To grasp the Gift which she had thus design'd :
 Why let us our Advantage thus decline,
 Whilst others thrive in our neglected Mine.

View verdant Nature next, whose Pomp is seen
 Clothing the verdant Meads with Ever-green;
 The Soil enrich'd by the engendring Rills
 Flowing spontaneous from the fruitful Hills.
 Not Streams of *Nile* or *Tempe*, charming Plains,
 So fam'd for beauteous Nymphs and am'rous
 Swains,

Can so much Pleasure, so much Treasure yield,
 Can shew such weighty Crops as *Britain's* Field.
 Fill'd with such Plenty, yearly we supply
 The starving Nations in Necessity.
 Like *Egypt*, we with endless Stores abound,
 When Famine pinches all the Country round;
 Hither they come from their remote Abode,
 And not their Asses, but their Ships they load :
 Not Ships alone, but mighty Fleets appear,
 As if the World's great Granary were here ;
 Here as in one great Market-house they meet,
 And lay their hungry Millions at our Feet.

Even our most barren Mountains, far from
 poor,
 Enclose an inexhausted Fund of Oar :
 Without they're cover'd with the bleating Fold,
 Whose Wool out-vies in Wealth *Peruvian* Gold,
 And by the artful Manufacturers Skill,
 Rival the Product of the Throwster's Mill.

No Orgazin out-does the Clothier's Sheers,
 Not *Persian* Prince in his own Silk appears;
 But *English* Broad-cloth Prince and People wears;
 So rich, so solid, so surprising fine,
 The *Coffwold* Hills *Bologna's* Plumes out shine.

Rich in Balsamicks, next we cast our Eye
 On the compleatest Wealth of Pharmacy:
 Such Drugs, such Simples, ev'ry where is found,
 Without a Surgeon we can cure a Wound.
 The Emp'ricks here employ sublimest Skill,
 And Doctors cure with ease as Quacks can kill.

Our Mead, if learned Botanists say true,
 Extracted from a rich celestial Dew,
 Was the fam'd Nectar, so divine the Taste,
 'Twas fit to grace the high celestial Feast:
 For this the little Chymists spend their Lives,
 Storing th' extracted Juice within their Hives.
 This Quintessence of Nature's choicest Blooms,
 The painful Insects carry to their Combs;
 Then with the most consummate Skill contrive
 To fill the fine Apartments of the Hive;
 There all the aromattick Sweets combine,
 And form one Substance exquisitely fine.
 This was the noble Liquor, which of old
 Inspir'd the *Britains*, made them brave and bold;
 Fill'd *Arthur's* Veins with Royal *Cambrian* Blood,
 Made *Vortimer* as terrible as good.
 By Mead immortal *Togodumnus* led
 His daring *Britains* over Piles of Dead.
Caræticus, with noble *Vortipore*,
Cadwallador, and half a hundred more

Heroes descended from the *British* Breed,
 Who all perform'd some great heroick Deed,
 And all by Virtue of celestial Mead.

Nor are we empty of delicious Wines,
 Tho' not the Product of *Hesperian* Vines:
 How have our Poets in exalted Strains,
 Extol'd the Cider Wines of Western Plains.
 Why slight we then a Liquor so divine,
 And load our Spirits with corrupted Wine.

Next view the Woods, and mark the pleasant
 Breeze

Whisp'ring soft Notes unto the answ'ring Trees;
 Those stately Piles which in such Numbers stand,
 And form those mighty Bulwarks of our Land.
 Beneath those verdant Shades the flutt'ring Trains
 Chant their melodious Accents thro' the Plains;
 The pleasing Notes charm the Musicians Ear,
 Out-sings his warbling Lute or well-tun'd Lyre.
 In vain he all th' assembling Nymphs invites:
 In vain his Lute to their best Voice unites:
 Nothing the artless Notes can imitate:
 Nothing exalt the Gods at so divine a Rate.
 The Bird disdaining to be vied by Art,
 Exerts its utmost Skill from ev'ry Part,
 With panting Breast, and with extended Throat,
 It sings so sweetly with exalted Note;
 The dull Musician, baffled, back retires,
 Will imitate no longer, but admires.

Now the vast spacious Forest let us trace,
 And view the Hunters eager at their Chase;

Those mighty *Nimrods* with their nimble Trains
 Chacing the flying Hart o're Hills and Plains,
 With the strong-winded Horn, and Hue and Cry,
 Swift as the Wind, they do not run, but fly.
 Fences like Walls cannot impede their Race,
 But Neck or nothing they pursue the Chase,
 Till in the End a fatal Bullet flies,
 Which gives to them the Day and bloody Prize.
 The Conquest ended, the victorious Rout
 Make the whole Forest answer to the Shout.

From Forest come we over Field and Plain,
 This cloth'd with Flocks, and that with swelling
 Grain,

The blest Reward of the industrious Swain.
 Here cheerful Peasant with a Spade or Prong,
 Lessens his Labour with a chearful Song.
 There with a smiling and a sweating Brow,
 With artful Care he guides the needful Plow.

Here Woods and Copses, Hills and Dales
 display

Their different Beauties each a different Way;
 Yet all with such surpassing Glory shine,
 As shew the Workman to be all Divine.

Flow'rs so diversified in Kind and Hew,
 As *Thornbill*, *Kent*, or *Cooper*, never drew;
 Their spangled Beauties spread about the Space,
 And cast a Lustre on her verdant Face.

Next let us enter rich imperial *Thames*,
 Center of twice ten thousand beauteous Streams.
 From all and every fertile Plain bring down
 The Wealth of Millions to enrich the Town.

Great

Great Magazine of Nature and of Art,
 The World's Exchange her universal Mart.
 Forests of Ships upon her Waters grow,
 And Tides of Wealth with Tides of Waters flow:
 Her numerous Fleets their annual Courses keep,
 Through all th' amazing Terrors of the deep;
 Fearless o're all the liquid Mountains ride,
 And Gain encrease, as trading Seasons guide.

The frozen Ocean yields her unseen Store,
 And *Greenland* vies with *Africk's* golden Oar.
 Our barren Coast of *Terra Nova* shines
 In Wealth, superiour to *Peruvian* Mines.
 The Fish, the Furs, the Drugs, the Naval Stores,
 Are all made ours by Dint of Sails and Oars.
 Our Merchants Princes; for, by Ways unknown,
 They make the distant Nation's Wealth their own.
 The Mariner, with an undaunted Heart,
 Bridles the Seas by Navigation's Art;
 The foaming Surges round about him roar,
 Fearless he plows his Way to every Shore:
 Here liquid Mountains intercept his Sight,
 There threat'ning Rocks his hardy Soul would
 fright;

Yet chearful up the watry Hills they rise,
 As if they pointed to the azure Skies:
 Then with a doubling Force they downward come,
 As if they sought the Bottom for a Tomb }
 In the vast Cavities of *Thetis* Womb; }
 Circled with Walls of Brine their Course they
 keep
 Trough the vast Mazes of the boundless Deep.

From

From watry Dangers now we come to Land,
And take a View of *Thames's* silver Strand.

Here Art and Nature mutually unite,
Feeding the Fancy with a fresh Delight :
See how they strive each other to out-vie,
This in the Beauty, that in Majesty.
Mark how the Royal Stream serenely glides,
And stately Mansions standing on its Sides.
On either Bank their growing Lustre's seen
Like sparkling Jewels on a Ground of Green.
There Knots of charming Villages we view,
The finest Landskip Nature ever drew.

Observe amidst the Rivers silver Twine,
With what uncommon Loveliness they shine, }
Like curious Clusters on a fruitful Vine ; }
Yet as you pass the pleasant Scene you 'spy
Surprising Beauties still salute the Eye.

In vain the Poets sing amusing Tales
Of fork'd *Parnassus*, and *Thessalian* Vales ;
The Fields, the Fountains, and delicious Groves,
Rural Retreats for Solitude and Loves ;
Our *Cambrian* Mountains *Ida's* Top out-vie,
And *Pendle* Hill seems to salute the Sky.

Isis by far their *Helicon* excells,
As *Cam's* fair Streams surpass the *Theopian* Wells.
Buxton and *Bath* make the Diseased sound,
Whilst *Styx* destroy, as fast as *Cydnus* wound.
Amsbury its Plenty in Perfection yields,
And *Essex's* Vale is like the *Elysian* Fields.
Pan shall no longer Pipe amidst his Swains,
For *Wiltshire* Downs excell th' *Arcadian* Plains.

Fair Isleworth . with *Eden* may compare,
 And *Kensington* the golden Apples bare.
Cannons by Nature, and consummate Art,
 Displays its Loveliness in ev'ry Part.
Chatsworth for Majesty beyond compare,
 And *Burleigh-House* for Beauty and for Air.
Woodstock *Britannia's* Bounty doth evince.
 And *Wanstead* is a Palace for a Prince.



SECOND PART.



HE goodly Country briefly having
 view'd,

The pleasant Theme shall further be
 pursu'd;

From Source of Infant Time we need not trace
 The Foot-steps of its most renowned Race:
 Nor shall we cloud our Verse with fab'lous Tales
 Of *Magog*, *Brutus*, or the Root of *Wales*;
 But draw the present manly martial Breed,
 Sprung from the *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Norman* Seed,
 Blended with *Britains*, how they all unite,
 And make the *English* so renown'd in Fight:
 So Gold with some Alloy's more useful made,
 Than when conceal'd in its oary Bed.
 So from the rude and formless Chaos came
 This World's harmonious and delightful Frame:

From

From the old *Britains* they their Courage draw;
 And like the *Romans*, keep the World in Awe.
 Like *Saxon* hardy, and like *Norman* fierce,
 And spread their Fame around the Universe:
 And for good Nature here themselves they pride,
 A Word not known by all the World beside.

From Prince and Peer, to Peasant at the Plow,
 A manly Mien's imprinted on their Brow.
 The Holy Father view'd an *English* Face,
 And thought they came from some Angelick Race.
 The great *Eugenius* so renown'd in Fight;
 With Pleasure saw the much amazing Sight:
 They're Heroes born, contemn ignoble Prize,
 Like the brave Eagle scorn to strike at Flies,
 But cope with Foes of most exalted Size. }
 For Common Good their darling Steel they'll draw,
 And venture all for Liberty and Law.
 They scorn to cough like *Iffachar's* low Breed,
 Disdain to let a Tyrant on them tread;
 And when they are oppress'd in cruel Reigns,
 With strong Reluctance they resist the Chains,
 Will in the Face of their Oppressors fly,
 Rather than lose their dearest Liberty:
 Not all the Terrors of the dreadful Field
 Can make their flaming Courage ever yield;
 But as the Danger grows, their Spirits rise,
 And all the Thunder of the War despise;
 Thro' cruel Carnage they will hew their Way,
 And hug the Horrors of the bloody Day:
 To Musket Muzzels boldly on they'll run,
 And by repeated Volleys cloud the Sun.

The only Fault they're charged with in War,
 Their Courage sometimes push them on too far;
 They joy to see contending Weapons clash,
 Reflecting Splendour like a Light'ning Flash;
 And when by Destiny they yield their Breath,
 They triumph in the icy Arms of Death.

France oft hath felt the Fury of their Hands,
 When *English* Banners triumph'd in her Lands.
Cressy, *Poitiers*, and *Agincourt*, can tell
 How Legions of their bravest Soldiers fell;
 How daring *Britons* shew'd their ancient Fame,
 And scatter'd Terrors wheresoe'er they came:
 Unmov'd like Walls of shining Brass they stood,
 And drench'd their Weapons in the sanguine
 Flood.

The *Caledonians* fortify'd with Cold,
 Hardy and hungry, truly brave and bold;
 Of Nature's Bounty have but slender Share,
 A barren Country, and inclement Air,
 Doom'd in this District of their dull Abode,
 To starve at home, or to be kill'd abroad.

From Ice and Snow, they flee to martial Flames,
 And by their Swords immortalize their Names;
 Loaden with Laurels, and adorn'd with Scars,
 They range about to find the Seat of *Mars*,
 Wonted to Vict'ry in the bloody Field;
 Yet these to *English* are inur'd to yield.
Dunbar in angry Accent can proclaim
 How the brave *English* purchas'd endless Fame:

In loudest Peals of Thunder there they spoke,
And warm'd the Northern Region with their
Smoke.

Who like the *Britons*, so exceeding brave,
As could a sinking Empire timely save;
The *English* there renew'd their ancient Fame,
And shew'd the Path to Honour with their Flame.
There *Austria* saw her mighty Foes subdu'd,
And gave uncommon Marks of Gratitude.
In *Belgia's* Plains what Wonders there they wrought,
With haughty *Spain* how Lyons like they fought;
Their false Ally began to play the Knave,
Yet own'd no Heroes ever fought so brave,
Astonished to see our Martial Play,
To *English* Valour only own'd the Glorious Day.

The brave *Batavians* in their Infancy,
On *English* Valour chiefly did rely.

That rising People had not been so great,
Had not the *English* Valour sav'd their State,
Had not our *Veres* and *Sidneys* interpos'd,
And stem'd the Torrent of their growing Foes.
Proud *Spain* too well the *English* Courage know
E'er since she felt that dreadful wat'ry Blow.
In vain the Dons projected vast Designs,
In vain they drain their Coffers and their Mines, }
To cloath the Sea with Rows of moving Pines ; }
The mighty spreading Bubble quickly broke
Soon as the *English* brazen Cannon spoke.

Next view the *English* on the liquid Plain,
And draw the Danger which they there sustain ;

Describe their Fury, and heroick Rage,
 Their bold Achievements on the wat'ry Stage,
 When brave *Batavia* durst to be so free
 As rival us, the Rulers of the Sea.
 Thro' forked Flames the *British* Cannon roar,
 Hurling Destruction from its horrid Bore:
 The furious Foe with wond'rous Vigour burn,
 And flush'd with Brandy, give a rude Return.
 The battered Deck is cloath'd with Brains and
 Blood,

And crimson Rills distain the rolling Flood:
 Yet 'midst the Horror, Slaughter, and the Blaze,
 The *English* Tars are giving loud Huzzas;
 Their Souls so firm, they scorn to turn their Tail,
 But spite of Danger will the Foe assail,
 To Cannons Mouth undauntedly will run,
 And drown the Thunder with the louder Gun.

Thus glorious *Greenwill*, Terror unto *Spain*,
 That Nation's Force with Courage did sustain;
 Circled with Thunders, and conceal'd in Smoke,
 Thro' Flames and Sulphur Lyon like he spoke:
 Full fifteen Hours the hardy Hero stood,
 And stain'd the blushing Waves with *Spanish* Blood:
 Trace the tremendous Scene, and thro' the whole,
 Nothing remain'd unshaken but his Soul;
 Nor could the vast Armada make him yield,
 Till Life had left him in the watry Field.
 Here is the Courage of the *English*, who
 Can do, what none besides themselves can do:
 These are the Men to whom the proudest Vail,
 And all the Nations in the World strike Sail;

Who spite of pow'rful Rivals boldly ride,
Commanding *Europe*, and the World beside.

And now let's gently touch the tender Fair,
Whose lovely Features, and endearing Air,
Proclaim the noble Glories of the Mind,
From Hate, Revenge, and brutish Wrath refin'd;
Their innate Beauty shine supremely bright,
Like Gems they dazzle with unborrow'd Light;
Their native Charms so all-commanding move,
To hear, to see, to think of them is Love:
Gazing we're struck with a resistless Ray,
And spite of all our Reason must obey.

A noble Soul, and sweet magnetick Mind,
Are with their Features happily conjoin'd;
The *English* ne'er more chearfully obey,
Than when a Queen the Royal Scepter sway:
The Proof is clear, and will for ever stand,
In great *Eliza*, and in Royal *Ann*.

From Ladies down to Spinsters here are seen,
Beauties so clear, no Blemish intervene,
But bright without Alloy, like the *Affyrian* Queen. }
Ladies, since you the Universe excell,
Why mend you that which is excelling well:
Those Paints and Spots intended to allure,
They brighten not the Beauties but obscure.

Without this Cost, you gently fan Love's Fire,
Making a thousand willing Slaves admire.

View Country Virgins, see how bright they shine
Like *Phæbus*, when in full Meridian Line,
Whilst painted Beauty soon is past the Full,
Like Candle in the Socket, burns but dull,

The beauteous Breed described; our Intent
 Shall be pursued to treat of Government.
 A legal Prince the *British* Throne doth fill,
 Ruling by Law, and not by Royal Will;
 Not taking Title from a fancied Line,
 But by the People's Choice, his Right's Divine;
 The Monarch lead, the People kindly draw,
 Observing both their proper Bounds, the Law:
 All the Perogatives he does enjoy,
 Are to protect his People, not destroy;
 And whilst his Actions with the Law does square,
 No earthly Monarch can with him compare:
 But if he act with sinister Intent,
 Design, Destruction to the Government,
 The *English* think it just to take up Arms,
 To free themselves from all impending Harms;
 No passive Cant the *English* will believe,
 A Notion spawn'd on purpose to deceive.
 Midwif'd in Pulpit by designing Priests,
 Who talk'd it most, and yet observ'd it least;
 Who, when their Monarch did but touch their
 Right,
 Against the Lords Anointed went to fight,
 Ran counter to the Doctrine which they own'd,
 And were the Causes of a King dethron'd.

And now with due Observance let us see
 The Splendour of our great Nobility;
 Noble by Merit, rather than by Blood,
 Who have encroaching Tyrants oft withstood.
 From their bold Acts our *Magna Charta* came,
 Founded our Civil Rights, and fix their Fame.

The

The lower Class do represent the Land,
 And Bulwarks for its Liberties they stand.
 When like Patriots bold they discharge their Trust,
 A Tyrant's Projects moulder into Dust.
 Such mighty Acts they've done, that Fame has
 hurl'd

The spreading Terror o'er the distant World;
 And when a Period to their Power run,
 Unto the Fountain they're oblig'd to come.
 The State review'd, a little let us try,
 And touch her Ecclesiastick Polity:
 In Doctrine sound, in Discipline severe,
 But little this pursue, or that revere.
 Whose high Pretence to Decency and Form,
 Have brought the very Gospel into Scorn;
 Learned they are, but yet alas we see,
 They mis our Souls, and strike our Property;
 For whilst they seek to force, and not persuade,
 They seem to act the old coercive Trade,
 And lose the Substance to embrace the Shade. }
 Away with all Religion which commence
 A War with Scripture, Reason, or with Sence,
 Nothing more hurtful unto any State,
 Than when Ecclesiasticks are too great.

Hail Persecution, thou infernal Spark,
 Bred in the horrid Regions of the Dark,
 Nourish'd by Superstition and false Zeal,
 The worst of Plagues unto a Common-weal;
 Rampant in *Rome*, and absolute in *Spain*,
 Whose bloody Kalenders record thy Reign.

Thy sanguine Robes are lin'd with Force or Fraud,
 And first Rate Villains all thy Acts applaud,
 From *Beaton*, *Bonner*, down to little *Land*.
 Thou Mass of Ills, that glories in thy Crimes,
 Spreading thy Venom into frozen Climes ;
 And now thou Imp, avant, be doom'd to dwell
 Within thy native proper Center, Hell ;
 And may that Villain meet deserved Pain,
 Who dare attempt to bring thee here again.

The Farmer next shall on the Stage appear,
 A perfect Worthy in his proper Sphere ;
 In noble Occupation view his Stand,
 He feeds the Body, as he fills the Hand ;
 Yearly he fortifies the teeming Earth,
 To make it bring to him a kindly Birth ;
 Repairs her rugged Face, and paints her new,
 With branching Glories of delightful Hew.
 Indulgent Heav'n her Blessing often pours,
 Now by *Sol's* golden Beams, anon by silver Show'rs.
 By the strong Hands of weather-beaten Swains,
 Turn barren Moors into the fruitful Plains.
 His num'rous Progeny are strong and brave,
 Too wise for Fools, too upright for the Knave ;
 True Lovers of the Laws and Liberty,
 Who for their dear *Britannia* dare to die.
 These were the Men did first in Arms appear,
 Refus'd the bold courageous Cavalier :
 Those who before disdain'd once to fly,
 But on their Swords had planted Victory,
 Laugh'd at the Thunder of the angry Guns ;
 Yet these were vanquish'd by the Farmers Sons.

Adam,

Adam, sole Monarch of the Earth's vast Round,
 By God was order'd to improve the Ground :
Noah the Patriarch was esteem'd to be
 A Planter, and employ'd in Husbandry :
 So *Jadab's* Monarch, tho' so much renown'd,
 Delighted daily to manure the Ground.
 And mighty *Cromwell* occupied his Farms
 Before he exercised his steely Arms.
 Great *Shovel* of heroic Memory,
 First plow'd the Land, before he plow'd the Sea.
 And *Rome* who made the stoutest Nations bow,
 Elected her Dictators from the Plow.
 So *Gordias*, famous for his knotted Cord,
 Rose from a Plowman to be *Phrygia's* Lord.

But e're we end, we'll not forget the Swains,
 Scatter'd amidst the rising Grounds and Plains ;
 His Freedom's such, his Monarch can't command
 A single Doit from his unwilling Hand ;
 He's lusty and laborious, truly brave,
 Inured to Servitude, yet not a Slave.
 Hail! Industry, thou Friend unto our Land,
 Director of the strong and active Hand ;
 Nature's chief Handmaid, and her tender Nurse,
 A Help to heal the Breaches of the Curle :
 Ranack the Bowels of the wealthy Hills,
 And search the Sources of the silver Rills.
 By thee our Merchants distant Dangers run,
 Matching in Race the Chariot of the Sun :
 Nature's Physician, to preserve our Health,
 Who always gives a Competence of Wealth.

Consumes those stagnate Humours which arise
 From Luxury, and long Ebrieties.
 Potent Preserver of the lowly Lands,
 Setting to Work such Multitudes of Hands :
 Raising so many, and such mighty Mounds,
 As keep the Ocean in its proper Bounds.
 By thy strong Hand we make prodigious Drains,
 Convert the fruitful Meads to liquid Plains.
 Change barren Heaths into a fruitful Soil,
 Hail, active Art, thou Friend unto our Isle.



THIRD PART.



BEFORE we close our Subject, let us
 name

The first great Founders of *Britannia's*
 Fame :

Those lovely Lamps who whilome shone so bright ;
 But now invellop'd with the Shades of Night.

These laid us such a Basis, that it stands
 The Dread, the Envy, of the neighb'ring Lands.
 Nought but Convulsions from within can make
 So firm a Constitution e'er to shake.

A Galaxy of Worthies let us trace,
 Sprinkled about the vast *Cerulean* Space,
 So thick they'll make another milky Way,
 Turning the azure Region into Day.

D

Great

Great *Richard* in a worthy Place must stand;
 His bold Atchievements in the *Holy Land*,
 Have justly gain'd him an immortal Fame,
 And haughty *Turks* still tremble at his Name.

Deserv'dly next shall Royal *Edward* shine,
 Sprung from the great *Plantagenet's* brave Line;
Scotland and *Wales* he quickly over-run,
 And spread his rising Glory like the Sun;
 Courageously he kept the *French* in Awe,
 And list'ned to his Oracle, the Law.

His Grandson in a noble Place doth shine,
 His Brav'ry brightning his illustrious Line:
 His Sword's a lasting Monument to tell,
 How by his Arm the *Gallick* Heroes fell;
 Two mighty Monarchs in dejected Plight,
 Paid humble Homage to his Throne so bright.

Monmouth's brave *Henry*, of *Lancastrian* Line,
 Like Star of greatest Magnitude doth shine;
 He scorn'd the Courtly Plays and Tennis Balls,
 And spread his Thunder o're *Lutetia's* Walls:
 First taught the *British* Lyon how to Roar,
 As frighted *France*, and all the neighb'ring
 Shore.

And note a large, if not a worthy Place,
 For manly *Henry* of majestick Face;
 A Monarch surely merited Kenown,
 To tack the *Popedom* to the *British* Crown.

Some noble Mansion's ordered in the Skies
 For princely *Edward*, beautiful and wise:
 Ah! had his Thread of Life but longer been,
 New Glories soon had publish'd who was King.
 He

He with *Josiah* justly might compare;
 Now both reside where blessed Angels are :
 He was in Truth the Cherub of the Age,
 Pious as *David*, and as *Plato* sage.
 This must be granted to this Holy Youth,
 Whose Love was Virtue, and whose Creed was
 Truth.

Thus choicest Fruit fall from the trembling Tree,
 Before they come to full Maturity.

We'll not forget our noble martial Queen,
 A brave Virago of heroick Mien ;
 Rome for a noble Seat for her above,
Europa's Wonder, and *Britannia's* Love :
 She rais'd our Honour on the liquid Main,
 And timely check'd the growing Force of *Spain*.
 Her Nations Good was her continual Care,
 And few for Learning might with her compare.

Raileigh, descended from a noble Line,
 Philosopher, a Soldier, and Divine ;
 His History will keep alive his Fame,
 And rising Ages reverence his Name.
Cecil and *Burleigh*, *Walsingham* the great,
 Were princely Pillars both in Church and State.

Now gently let us touch the Civil Wars,
 And draw our Heroes in the Field of *Mars*.
 View Hosts of *British* Champions fiercely strive,
 Some for the Law, some for Prerogative :
 Fathers by Sons, and Sons by Fathers die,
 And Friends at Friends uncommon Rage let fly ;
 When Fury's rampant Reason strike the Sail,
 And Trains of Mischiefs follow wicked Zeal.

Ah! blinded *Britains*, what obnoxious Scar
 Inclind you, say, to that destructive War?
 What baleful Influence caus'd that cruel Rage,
 That none but Blood of *English* could assuage?
 Was there no kind Physician in the Isle,
 To heal the deep imposthumated Boil?
 Behold the battered Castles, lasting Scars,
 Sad Monuments of these intestine Wars.
 Your bleeding Weapons might have vanquish'd
Rome,

And gave the Harlot her deserved Doom:
 Obstructed *Spain* in her unjust Designs;
 Yea, fix'd your selves amidst the *Indian* Mines;
 Curb'd pow'rful *Austria*, made the *French* to fawn,
 With half that Blood which you your selves have
 drawn:

Yet from this dreadful Scene of Blood and Scars,
 Arose some great and very glorious Stars.

Muse, name the Men who for their Monarch
 dy'd,

For Virtue shines, though on the sinking Side;
 Forbear to strain our Verse with Party Spite,
 But give the vanquish'd Brave their proper Right.

Great *Lindsey* first trod out the bloody Way,
 The Prologue to the fatal Tragick Day.
Northampton, *Lisle*, and *Lucas*, boldly fled
 Into the dark Recesses of the Dead.

Carnarvon, *Cavendish*, had Courage bright,
 Scorning to taint their Valour by a Flight.
 Immortal *Falkland* saw the dreadful State,
 Swiftly approaching our divided State,

To stem the coming Danger bravely try'd,
 And when he could not heal the Breaches, dy'd.
Capel the great, the truly great, the brave,
 His Captive Monarch boldly strove to save;
 His Prince's Glory, and the Conqu'rors Dread,
 Who for his Virtue lost his wiser Head.

The braver *Britons* briefly let us draw,
 Who boldly fought for Liberty and Law,
 Whose daring Swords immortaliz'd their Names,
 And sprinkled Blood to quench the raging Flames.

Fairfax, the humble, hardy, bold, and brave,
 Too honest for Design, too just for Knave.

Fierce *Stapleton*, bold *Pick'ring* and *Pride*,
 Their Courage oft in bloody Fields were try'd.

Hamden and *Hewson*, *Hains* and *Harrison*,
 With *Lambert*, *Ludlow*, *Okey*, *Overton*,

Morgan and *Iretton*, *Roffiter* and *Roe*,

With more than common Courage fac'd their Foe.

Thornhill when wounded, with Delight expir'd,
 Smil'd when he saw the num'rous Foes retir'd;

From the deep Wound his Vitals fallied forth,
 Frighting the Heroes of the frozen North;

Then having run a truly glorious Race,

He calmly met the icy King's Embrace.

Yet all this martial Train, although so bright,
 Must vail to mighty *Cromwell's* greater Light.

Muse, draw an Object both of Love and Hate,
 Who held the Reins of this disordered State;

Cut out by Fate to wound, and then to heal,
 To draw the Sword to save the Common-weal.

See stubborn *Britons* bend to his Command,
 Applaud his Actions, tho' they curse his Hand;
 Behold him sheathe his Weapon, dart his Rays,
 And from Confusion, give us peaceful Days;
 Enlarg'd *Britannia's* Bounds by Sea and Land,
 Whilst *Europe* trembled at his pow'rful Hand;
 And when at length his mighty Course was run,
 Nature was troubled at his Setting Sun.

But now *Bellona* cease, and *Mars* resign,
 The martial Heroes too too fast decline;
Venus direct the Helm, in Triumph ride,
 With Luxury and Lust on either Side.
 Our *Sampsons* by their *Delilabs* are shorn,
 And Terror now is turn'd to publick Scorn;
 Defection with its dusky Vizard reigns,
 From Prince and Nobles, down to *British* Swains.

In worthy Place, view *Temple* truly great,
 The Atlas to support our sinking State;
 The Man of Wisdom who beheld from far
 A Gleam of Light, shot from an *Eastern* Star.
 See how the *Britains* in lascivious Reigns,
 Tempted in vain, to truckle under Chains:
 Her noblest Sons by Inuendo's dye,
 For dear defending gasping Liberty.
 View *Ruffel*, *Sidney*, yield their noble Breaths,
 And *Heli* and *Rome* rejoicing at their Deaths.
 The gath'ring Clouds of swift Destruction spread,
 And wounded *Britain* hung dejected Head:
 For Prelates gaze on their approaching Doom,
 Beheld their Princes humbly vail to *Rome*:

Their

Their Non-resistance for a while lay by,
And gravely talk for Law and Liberty.

As when the bold Apostle was confin'd,
And for a bloody Sacrifice design'd,
Th' Almighty Hand gave him a gracious Greet,
And made his Chains fall off his sacred Feet;
The Royal Wretch who Murder did intend,
Most justly came to ignominious End.

So dear *Britannia* lay in woful Plight,
Scarce saw a cheering Beam of welcome Light:
Legions of Locusts croak'd about like Frogs,
These came from *Tyber* Streams, and those from
Bogs;

In horrid Shapes, and num'rous as the Sand,
These sooty Vermin darken'd all the Land;
Death and Destruction 'gan to hover near,
When lo! a mighty Saviour did appear.

The sacred *Fiat* spoke, and *William* came,
And Traytors trembled at his very Name:
His glorious Beams made all the Vermin run,
As Fogs disperse at the approaching Sun.
The gladdened Crouds to their Deliv'rer ran,
With grateful Homage met the mighty Man.
From this bright Scene a Host of Heroes rose,
Who with uncommon Courage fac'd their Foes.

Of these great *Hallifax*, of noble Soul,
Shall help to fill the vast extended Roll.
Like him immortal *Cutts* shall justly stand,
A perfect Hero in his native Land;
By Blood and Wounds he purchas'd endless Fame,
And like a *Salamander* liv'd in Flame:

Proud

Proud to assert his dear *Britannia's* Right,
 Expir'd, because he had not Leave to fight.
 Nor must our Verse omit the brave *Cartise*,
 With daring *Courthury*, Worthies in the Isle;
 A Peerless Pair, who bravely marched on,
 When Storms of Bullets almost hid the Sun;
 Press'd on with *English* Courage without Stay,
 And met the King of Terrors half the Way.
Talmash and *Bembow* born for Chivalry,
 That fast'd at Land, and This renown'd at Sea:
 No Men with greater Courage were endu'd,
 Or *Britain's* Int'rest faithfuller pursu'd.
Marlb'rough and *Orkney*, *Rowe* and *Ingolsby*,
 Compell'd the *Gallick* Legions first to flee.
Palms and brave *Wood*, bold *Petherstone* and *White*,
 Instructed foreign Nations how to fight.
Cornwallis, *Dortmer*, and courageous *Creed*,
 In mighty Feats of Valour did exceed.
Mordant and *Grey* in glorious Annals stand,
 That with his shattered Arm, This with his single
 Hand.

We can't but name courageous *Killegrew*,
 As brave a Blade as ever Weapon drew;
 True *British* Valour clearly he evinc'd,
 When thirteen times he met the icy Prince;
 Scorn'd to survive *Almanza's* fatal Day,
 He went to tell the Dead how Cowards ran away.
Stanbope, a Hero, doubly gain'd Renown,
 Once by the Sword, and also by the Gown.
Cobham at *Lisle*, led on thro' Smoke and Flame,
 And *Web* at *Winendale* immortaliz'd his Name.

From

From *Mars* and Bloodshed let's awhile retire,
 And view *Apollo's* Sons, whose sprightly Fire,
 In lively Characters secure their Fames,
 Leaving a lasting Lustre on their Names :
 Souls too sublime to grovel on the Ground,
 But like to *Phæbus* range the Azure round ;
 Plow those vast Realms with an exalted Mind,
 And leave delightful Legacies behind.

Muse, name some *English* Poets of Renown,
 Who merited, or wore the Laurel'd Crown.
Milton, immortal *Milton* first shall stand,
 A lasting Glory to his native Land :
 In mighty Volumes view the Hero shine,
 A perfect Master of the tuneful Nine :
 Renowned Champions dy'd before his Pen,
 The Quintessence of Nature, and of Men.
 What, tho' his lucid Orbs were wholly blind ;
 Yet Rays divine so fill'd his spacious Mind,
 That through the Chasms of *Chaos* he could creep,
 And search the Mazes of the formless Deep ;
 Beheld the dark *Abyss*, that dreadful Place,
 The horrid Empire of the hellish Race ;
 Saw the dire Seeds of Sorrow, Sin, and Pain,
 Which first infected the Seraphick Train :
 Then with extended Wing would boldly soar,
 A Pitch so high, as no Man went before.

Waller, the first Refiner of our Tongue,
 Of dear *Britannia* oftentimes has sung ;
 In charming Numbers chants, so soft, so fine,
 The Muses dance to every moving Line.

Marvel by just Succession did succeed,
 And was in fact a Poet born and bred;
Milton in him was happily reviv'd,
 Was Prophet, Poet, as the Psalmist dy'd.

Great *Quarles* in his Remains doth trebly shine,
 Philosopher, a Poet, and Divine;
 Furnish'd with Virtue, Eloquence, and Wit,
 Beyond the babbling of the modern Pit;
 And highly thus with such a noble Boon,
 Like choicest Fruit he rip'n'd but too soon.
Dryden, the Darling of a vicious Age,
 With wonderful Applause adorn'd the Stage;
 Learned and Lewd, had Wit and Wickedness,
 Could varnish Vice with an inviting Dress;
 Enjoy'd his Country's Favour, City's Praise,
 And spite of Rivals, justly wore the Bays.

Brave *Addison* in *Rosalind* does shine,
 Her blazing Beauty burnish every Line;
 His Country and his Virtue were his Song,
 For these united prove no Thought was wrong:
 His *Cato* with his Conscience could compare,
 For what a Conscience truly mention'd there.

Rowe brightens *Lucan* in his choice Remains,
 By singing Wonders on *Pharsalia's* Plains.

Foe all the Chains of Tyranny has broke,
 And Non-resistance vanquish'd at a Stroke.

Garth, not by Dint of Weapons, but by Brains,
 Severely lash'd the *Esculapian* Trains.

But where's a Fard in this degen'rate Age,
 Fill'd with a holy and a manly Rage,
 Who durst against a Flood of Vice engage;

}
 With

With *Haverſham's* broad Thumb durſt check the
Stream,

And make his Maker's Glory be his Theme.
Amiaſt the little Number one doth ſhine,
A great Phyſician, Poet, and Divine:
Blackmore, a modern Glory in the Nation,
Tho' dead, he lives in his renown'd Creation:
The Stile is moving, manly, and ſublime,
A Spur to Virtue, and a Check to Crime.
View the brave Bard endeavouring to atone
For all thoſe Ills which luſcious *Creech* has done;
Brings all his Doctrine unto Reason's Teſt,
And of his fooliſh Syſtem makes a Jeſt;
Shews his Philoſophy both wild and vain,
And turns his Worlds to Atoms once again:
So dirty *Dagon* loſt his God-ſhip quite,
As ſoon as ſacred Ark approach'd in Sight.
Wonder of Wonders, ſure where ſhall we find,
In feeble Caſk, ſuch a Gigantick Mind:
Some ſacred Beam muſt Seeds of Life convey,
Revive the old, or keep it from Decay:
So *Phæbus*, e'er he takes his Weſtern Bed,
The forked Glories gild his radiant Head;
Soon as he's launching from th' *Hesperian* Shore,
He looks much greater than he did before.

Harriot and *Harvey* ſcarcely had their Peer;
So *Holyoak's* renowned for his Sphere.

Thurloe and *Cowper*, fam'd for deep Deſigns,
As *Tillotſon* and *Uſher* for Divines.

Flamſted and *Halley*, by their prying Eyes,
Could view vaſt Diſtricts in the vaulted Skies.

With

With these great *Newton*, and immortal *Boyle*,
 In bright Remains, shall both adorn the Isle :
 By Industry they rifled Nature's Store,
 Leaving the Rubbish, seiz'd the choicest Oar :
 Heap'd Funds of Knowledge with unwearied Pains,
 And left the rising Ages all the Gains.
Lock by his Human Reason could descry
 The deep Arcana's of Philosophy :
 With many more too num'rous here to name,
All Men ~~best~~ of Learning, Piety, and Fame.

F I N I S.



